

THE
SCOFFER
SCOFFED.

THE SECOND PART.

Being certain Select

DIALOGUES.

Of a Merry

Wagg of Antiquity.

Newly put into English Fustian, for the Con-
solation of those that had rather Laugh and be
Merry, then be Merry and Wise.

L O N D O N

Printed for Edward Goldin, in Rainbow-Court, in Aldersgate-street,
1 6 8 4.

THE
SCOFFER
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THE SECOND PART.

Being certain Select
DIALOGUES

Of a Man
Wagg of Antiquity.

Firstly put into English by John
to which of those who had never heard and he
Many, may be many and who.

LONDON

Printed for Edward Gellie, in Golden-Square, in Pall-mall.
1734.

THE Epistle to the Reader.

HE was a stout Man, who first ventur'd to Eat an Oyfter; was the saying of a Crown'd Head: And without all doubt, 'tis as True, as Witty: for all Men know, that every Work is most difficult in the Commencement; and that 'tis easier to Imitate, than Invent: Tho I never saw any thing of that Nature, but what came very short of its Original: 'tis like the fancy'd Ghost of a departed Author, so much unlike, and so wrapt up in its infernal Accoutrements, so very Thin, and Pale, so Ghastly Horrid; that every man who sees, and reads it, is as much Scar'd, and Frighted, as if he had been Bug-bear'd by some Stygian Spectre; Or as the Celestial Author of the Winged-Wonder-Working-Angels has it; As if a man had enjoy'd a Succubus in the shape of a Handsome Woman. For which reason, I suppose a late Author call'd his Burlesque, Butlers Ghost; and certainly 'twas a proper Name for it too; for I believe, it as much deserves to be Entitled the Fourth part of Hudibras, as the Pilgrims Progress merits to be the Fifth, to that Number; and this I say (not to lessen the Credit of the Ghost, or its Author) but because no man can do too much Honour, to the memory of the Ingenious, and Learned, though (much to be Lamented) Unfortunate Mr. Butler

And next to him, I can't but mention the Admir'd Mr. Cotton, whose Scarronides are more to be valu'd, than all the English Burlesque now Extant, setting Mr. Butlers self aside: And since my doing of Lucian, I have seen a little Book Intituled, the Scoffer Scoft (as I believe) written by the same Author; being Lucian's Dialogues of the God's, in the same Burlesque: And truly had I seen it before, I shou'd not have ventur'd upon any of the Dialogues under that Title. Knowing all that I cou'd expect from so doing, must be only to publish to the World, my Dulness; and draw a weak Copy, after so great a Master, without I cou'd have found some unintelligible Title to have aton'd for the Presumption (like that of the before-mention'd Ghost); nor can I now be contented (being much delighted with things of that Nature) without begging the Favour of Mr. Cotton, to be so distinguish'd: Though perhaps some Pharisaical Criticks may object against the Reasonableness of it; as if 'tis impossible for a man, while Living, to Fright the world with his wandring Ghost: But since I desire to be so Honour'd, I hope he will grant me the favour, and the World forgive me; for a Ghost is a Ghost still.

But now, perhaps it may be expected I should say something in behalf of my own; but in the first place, I don't think they deserve it: 'Tis your Business kind Reader, if ye like 'em: If ye Refuse it, I shall be content with the Pleasure I took in Writing 'em; though I believe they would have pleas'd better, had the Parenthesis in the Title, been left out; especially those who don't understand a word of that Antient Language; but however, you see I am modest, as to my Learning. But the Bawdy of the First Part has given Offence (I hear) to some of our Aged Ingenioso's, though they at the same time, are not wholly guiltless in things of the like Nature; but grant-

The Epistle to the Reader.

ing there is a sprinkling of it in some of the First Dialogues, I hope it is more excusable in Youth, and Giggling Burlesque, than in Argumental Dialoguing Prose done by Experienc'd Age: For such is Lucians Works, and such was Lucian.

Perhaps it might now seem reasonable for me, to give ye an account of Lucian and his Works; but for two Reasons I decline it. First, Because the Illiterate don't deserve it: And Secondly, The Learned, (if I should) wou'd find nothing therein (to them) Novel: But if any of 'em desire it, I must refer 'em to the late Learned and Ingenious Translater *; where (if they can understand English) they may be abundantly satisfied.

* Mr. Ferrand
Spence.

And now give me leave to tell you, 'I did at the first design a Dedication, to these Dialogues: But for some Reasons I met with in the Interval, I thought it wou'd not be worth my while. First, Because the Patrons of this Age, the less they deserve; the more they expect to be Complemented. And tho Speed and Baker are not able to furnish one with History enough to entail 'em, to an honest Family; 'tis impossible to please, without two or three Pages in Praise of their Ancestors; when all the help too a man has for such a Task, is only to be found in such like Authors. For another Reason too, because if the writer be a man, who pretends to Poetry, and has a little more sense, than the drudging Man of Money can express over a Tedious Quart of Claret; 'Tis ten to one but he must be forc'd to take up with an Old Proverb for his pains, Poet and Pennyless: And if he be not so at that time, 'tis as many more, to nothing; but his Patron shall endeavour to make him so for the future.

And in the next place, for a Story (something like this) a Friend told me the other day.

A Young Scribler in Rhyme, after some Pains and Study, having finish'd a short Poem on the Times; thought it convenient, as well as fashionable, to Dedicate it to one of his Old Bottle-Companions, one that he had spent much Money with in all sort of Fashionable Conversation the Town cou'd allow, and was as frolicksomly Vicious a man, as one wou'd wish to drink withal. Many Complements he gave him, and told him he was as Discreet and Judicious, as a Man wou'd desire to be. But see the effects of things of this Nature; This Patron of wit, (being a Man of discerning faculties) in heat of Wine, (at which time some People are very Witty) was pleas'd to tell one of his Female Conveniencies, That this little Spark of a Poet, did expect a Present for his Dedication; but he swore, he shou'd be baw'd: for, for that Reason, he wou'd not so much as give him a Bottle of Wine, or ever drink with him again. A mighty loss, without all doubt! which puts me in mind of a Piece of Modern Burlesque,

Like play for Nought, the Game to lose;
Or take you This, or That; or Chuse:
Or like to One, (tho' not to blame)
Who Limps and Haults before he's Lane.

But this I fear is Tyresome, being a little out of the Method (Kind Reader) You were us'd to be Treated in; but if I can, I'll make you amends some other time; upon Condition, you'll pardon me now.

And so I humbly take my leave.

LUCIAN.

DIALOGUE

Between
MERCURY and the SUN.

Mer. **T**IS the command, Sir Sun of *Jove*,
That for three days you do not move }
To lengthen out a night for Love. }
And let the hours that wait on you,

Unharness all your Horses too ;
Then put your Candle out, and go
To bed, for *Jove* will have it so.

Sol. What is't that I have done, that he
Shou'd thus resolve to punish me?
That Gammer Night shou'd bear the sway,
And triumph o're her Lord the Day?

Mer. That's not the thing, nor is't of state,
His business is of greater weight.

Sol. Where is he now? don't tell me false.

Mer. In *Bœotia* with little *Alce*.

Sol. Will not one Night allay his fires,
And cool his lecherous Desires?

Mer. 'Tis not for that, but to compleat, }
And make a Heroe strong and great, }
Whom he did t'other day beget. }

Sol. Much Joy to him, but *Mercury*,
I'll tell you now 'twixt you and I,
Such idle things were never done
When good old *Saturn* wore the Crown,
He ne're stole out in all his life
To occupy his Neighbours Wife,
But always kept to *Rhea's* Coney,
And thought her to change his Money.
Day was day then, no paltry scurvy
Punk the World turn'd topsy turvy ;
For want of Exercising too
My Horses, they will Restive grow.
Briers and Thorns will choak the way,
And men will languish for the day ;
And all to make some blustering fool.

Mer. Hold now, lest he your courage cool:
Mean time as I was bid I'll go
And charge the Moon to saunter too,
That she abandon not Mankind,
Lest they the alteration find.

A Dialogue between Vulcan and Jupiter.

Vulcan. **H**ER E is the Ax you bid me get,
What am I now to do with it?

Jup. Strike hard my head, nay do not wonder,
And cleave my aching Jaws asunder.

Vul. Sure yo'ave a mighty mind to see
If I am mad, then laugh at me.
But prethee *Jupiter* don't joke,
And tell me what you mean by th' stroke.

Jup. You idle sot, to cleave my scull,
And if you do refuse it, fool!
I'll swinge you off by fatal *Styx*!
Strike hard, and leave your foolish tricks.
For my poor head beats like a Tabor,
And aches as if I were in Labor.

Vul. Take heed, for faith you now command
What I did never understand.
You'd better get some Midwife do it,
Lest you repent, and after rue it.

Jup. Strike boldly Dog, and do your best,
And then let me alone for th' rest.

Vul. I'll do't 'cause you must be obey'd,
Though it was ne're my way of Trade.
Have at your head! uds Death and Hell!
What's this I see? 'tis wonderful!
Well you might have such swinging Pains,
While such a Wench was in your Brains.
See how she capers o're the stools,
As if she'd been at Dancing-schools.
And how she brandishes her spear,
She almost makes me shake with fear.
Well you might be so cross of late,
When such a Girl was in your Pate.
s'Wounds! she's a strapper of her years,
How brisk and handson she appears;
She's very tall and Blew-ey'd, but
Her Helmet makes her a pretty slut.
Give her to me, I prethee, *Jove*,
She's big enough, for I'm in Love,

Jup. With all my heart, I am content,
But she will never give consent:
For she has vow'd a single Life,
And hates the very name of Wife.

Vul. Let me alone, since I have got
Your word, I'll try her on the spot.

Jup. Beru'd by me, and quit the Place,
She'll ne're indure thy sooty Face.

L U C I A N.

DIALOGUE

Between

NEPTUNE and MERCURY.

Nep. I Despeak with *Jove*, Coz. *Mercury*:

Mer. He's busie, sir, Nep. Tell him 'tis I.

Mer. Pray be not now s' importunate;

If you would see him, you must wait.

Nep. Where is he now? is he with's Wife?

Mer. No, he's not there upon my life.

Nep. Is he with's Boy that he does love?

Mer. You'r much mistaken still in *Jove*.

Nep. Where then? and what a doing, tell?

Mer. Why truly he's not very well.

Nep. Phoogh! that's a Sham, come tell me true,

Mer. I am a sham'd to tell it you.

Nep. A sham'd to tell it to your kin?

Mer. I beg your pardon, he lies In

Nep. How! was he an Hermaphrodite?

I ne're perceiv'd it by this Light,

Nor did his Belly big appear.

Mer. No, he had ne're much aching there.

Nep. Was it where he *Minerva* bred?

Who from his brain was brought to bed,

He has a Teeming Logger-head.

Mer. No, he in's thigh the child did bear.

Nep. How! is he fruitful ev'ry where?

Mer. *Juno* being fill'd with Jealousie,

Did put a Trick on *Semele*,

Perfwading her, pray mind the Story,

To lie with *Jove* in all his Glory,

Who being possess'd with fierce Desire,

Strait set the Room and her on fire.

For when (you know) he's arm'd with Thunder,

He does destroy things to a wonder.

All he cou'd do, things were so spoil'd,

Was just the saving of the child;

For which he in his thigh made room,

When bloody hot it dropt from th' Womb.

B

And

And now he's once more free again,
But wonderfully weak with pain:
Or as you 'ave often heard it sed,
He's very finely brought a bed.

Nep. Now I cou'd laugh until I burst,
But pray where must the child be nur't?

Mer. Why I have carry'd him to *Nysa*
To be brought up (pray mind what I say)
The Nymphs of him great care will take,
And use him well for's Fathers sake.

Nep. And *Jove* after this mighty Do,
Is Father to't, and Mother too?

Mer. Yes, yes, but I 've no leifure now
To let you any further know;
For I must go and buy some strings,
And other necessary Things
To bind him up, some *Harts-horn* Jelly,
Caudle and what is good for's belly;
To nourish him, poor *Mercury*!
Thou must I fear, his dry-Nurse be.
With other things unknown to you,
So honest Nuncle *Nep.* adieu.

A Dialogue between the River Enipeus & Neptune:

Enip. **F** Aith *Neptune* you were much to blame;
T' assume my shape and take my name:
T' abuse my Mistress, faith you were.

Nep. No, rather you were too severe,
You were unjust unto her love,
Since she so very kind did prove:
Which bred in her a thousand fears,
And overwhelm'd her still in tears,
For on your banks she ev'ry day;
Th' Oblations of her love did pay.

Enip. And must you therefore cheat her thus?

Nep. 'Twas pity made the Courteous,
Besides I pleas'd the Beauteous she.

Enip. 'Tis true because she thought 'twas me:
But when she found out who 'twas Acted,
She'd almost like t' have run distracted;
Besides I'm mad that any he,
Shou'd Reap the Joys belong to me.

Nep. 'Tis you'r to blame, and wond'rous base
T' abuse so fine, so sweet a face;
Therefore for th' future learn t' improve,
The short, but Pretious hours of Love.

L U C I A N.

Printed for *Charles Corlet* at the Oxford Arms in
Warwick Lane.

LUCIAN.

A DIALOGUE

Between

MENIPPUS and TROPHONIUS in the
Presence of AMPHILOCTUS.

Men. **H**OW comes it, since yo'ave lost your breath,
And falln into the hands of Death,
That idle, silly, Country People,
Shou'd build to you a Church and Steeple;
And then, as if 'twere such a Prize
As to a God, t'you sacrifice.

Tro. Am (I d'you think) Accountable
For th' foolish Whimsies of the Rabble?

Men. Well, but the People, ne're had don it,
If you had not put them upon it,
You made your ends, and interest of it,
And told 'em all, you were a Prophet.
And like a true Dissenter, strove
To break th' Allegiance, sworn to *Jove*.

Tro. It does behove, *Amphiloctus*,
(Whom you see now is here with us,)
To give an Answer unto you;
And tell you all the Meaning too,
For my part 'tis well known I can,
Prove I am something more than man:
And can foretell (like any thing,)
And am, or wou'd be more than King.
No *Heroe* e're had such a Name,
I was the first i'th' Rank of fame,
And ever scorn'd to Crouch, or bend
To Father, Unkle, Wife, or Friend.
But one wou'd think, by what you say,
You'd ne'er bin in *Labadia*:
For there I ne're cou'd walk abroad,
But still attended by a Crowd,
Hollowing, and hooping as they went,
As if they'd rend the Firmament.
Long live *Trophonius*! they wou'd cry,
While *Jove* past unregarded by;
All this wou'd sure have made it plain,
That I was born a God, (Again)

C

You

You cannot tho misdoubt, that I
Am (now) of Heavens Progeny
So must believe, (tho ne're the near now)
That I am more than Man; a *Hero*.

Men. There was no need of being there,
One might have heard on't any where:
Nor of doing things that thou hast done,
Thou foolish, base, rebellious Son,
Dull, Canting, Idle, Logger-head;
To make't appear that thou art dead,
Nor of doing what the Foolish do,
When e're they Sacrifize to you,
Or to explain that thour't more base,
Than any of thy God-like race;
Hast more Imposture, and less Wit,
Than e're was found in *Hero* yet?
But now I do Conjure thee by
Thy Canting, or thy Prophecy,
To tell me what by *Hero's* meant,
For I am wholly ignorant:

Tro. A *Hero* is a thing between
A God, and Man (that ne're was seen)
Or rather both together join'd,
The Body, Man, the God, the Mind.

Men. If so, pray tell me then sweet heart,
What is come of thy better part?
For thou'rt of all, that's good bereft,
And not one spark of Grace hast left.
Else thou such things woud'st ne're have don,
As Elbowing *Jove*, from off his Throne,
For thou did'st that, which was the same,
By robbing him, of his good name,
And drawing People from his shrine,
To make 'em sacrifize to thine.

Tro. Away with this, but you wou'd know,
Where my diviner part is now?
'Tis in *Bæotia*, where yet,
My old Acquaintance, worship it:

Men. Well I don't understand, what you,
By all this trade can mean to do,
But thus far, I may truly say,
I do believe you're out o'th' way,
And if I must, it plainly tell,
I'm sure you are Entire in Hell.

LUCIAN.

Readers. *These Dialogues will be Publish'd every
Tuesday and Friday.*

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in Warwick-lane. 1684.*

LUCIAN.

A Dialogue between *Diogenes* and *Pollux*,

Dio. Since *Pollux* 'tis next morn' thy right,
 To visit Earth, and view the light;
 Bid *Menippus* the Philosopher,
 The little brook that parts us Cross over,
 Without delay, and make hast hither,
 That we may Crack our sides together,
 For he that here, can't Laugh his fill,
 Shall ne're laugh more, by my good will;
 Provided that he does not tell ye,
 He has already broke his belly:
 For surely there he has cause enough,
 If he be not Pease-Porridge Proof.
 And tell him tho the folk about
 The place he dwells, are much in doubt
 How People fare when they are dead,
 Of which they nothing know, but Dread,
 Here's none below, but what still keep tick
 With faith; for Hell undoes a Skeptick.
 He'll wonder too, when he comes down,
 To see that men of high Renown,
 Shou'd be no more than Ev'ry Gaffer,
 And onely subjects here of Laughter:
 And hardly known, but by their bawling;
 A sort of Hellish Caterwawling:
 Then bid him bring his Crusts to feed on,
 With other things that he'll have need on,
 For here is nothing to be got,
 That's fitting for the Spit or Pot:
 Nay here one may, (altho in hast,)
 As loon ones Neck break, as ones fast.

Poll. Pray sir don't make of me a Tool,
 And send me like an *April Fool*,
 But tell me now before I go,
 By what mark I the Spark shall know?

Dio. Hast thou not seen below the Skie,
 Men that cry Silk, and Taffaty,
 With tatter'd Cloak on one Arm Tost,
 So Patcht, th' Original is lost,
 Who find out all the strong Bub places
 And wear it's livery on their faces:
 Just such a one is he, you can
 Not be mistaken in the man;
 At *Corinth* you will find him fooling,
 Or else at *Athens* Ridiculing,
 For the Philosophers he hates,
 And with his Banter breaks their Pates,
 Because they bounce, and brag they know,
 The truth of ev'ry thing below,
 And understand too, those above,
 As well as *Mercury*, or *Jove*,
 When they are not so wise by half,
 As *Goatham's Mayor*, or *Waltham's Calf*.

Poll. If he be such a one, no doubt
 But I shall quickly find him out;

But

But have you thought for me to tell
The Grave Philosophers from Hell?

Dio. Yes, yes, I have, come let me see;
Bid 'em leave studying Sophistry;
Idle Disputes, and Arguments,
Which nothing breeds but discontents;
Bid 'em forbear the search of Nature
And meddle each, with his own Matter,
And speak their knowledge, at a word
And not be Fools thus on Record:

Poll. And then they'll say that I'm a fool,
And never learnt my Book at School,
So call me Dunce, and swear that I
Don't understand Philosophy.

Dio. Tell 'em that they must cry and bawl,
As loud, as at a Funeral
The Irish do, and ev'ry whit
As true, as theirs is all Deceit.

Poll. Well, I'll remember what you say,
And all your wise Commands obey.

Dio. As for the mighty men of worth,
Tell 'em I bid you thus hold forth:
Why do you give your selves such Pain,
About what's perishing and vain?
What signifies your pomp and state?
Your being Noble, Rich, or Great?
Your vast Attendance, and Calashes?
When you are fain to Dust and Ashes;
And Threed-bare Vicar going first,
Cries here's the hole; and in you must.
And tell the Smock-fac't *Megibus*,
And the Wrestler *Damoxenus*,
That here strong Back, nor able Thighs,
Nor curled Hair, nor sparkling Eyes,
Nor all the Charms adorn'd by Art,
In this place signifie a Fart.

Poll. It shall be done, and free from Passions,
I'll do your hearty commendations.

Dio. Go to the Poor, whom you will see,
Groaning beneath their misery,
And comfort 'em, and tell 'em all,
They must no longer howl and bawl,
Since there's no difference when we're dead,
Between the Poor, and Crowned head;
For Monsieur *Mors*, that ancient Traveller
Was always known, to be a Leveller,
And tell each *Spartan* to his face,
They are all degenerate and base;
That those who us'd to fight with Half-staff,
Are dwindl'd now into a *Falstaff*.

Poll. If you speak ill of them, good Sir,
I will not be your Messenger;
But all the rest I will obey,
To a Cow's Thumb, (as one may say.)

Dio. Well, do in that as likes you best,
But pray be punctual in the rest.

LUCIAN.

A
DIALOGUEBetween
ACHILLES and ANTILOCHUS.

Ant. **W**Hat's that you said unto *Ulysses*?
 Sure you have here no factious Wishes,
 That you had rather be as Poor,
 As those who beg from door to Door;
 That want a Belly full of Bread,
 And han't a hole to hide their Head;
 Than or'e the shades a Ruler be,
 So much you still hate Monarchy;
 But faith and troth you don't do well
 To preach these Sentiments in Hell,
 For here are none but what obey,
 And Reverence to their Monarch Pay.
 Nor are you worthy of your Name,
 Or of the Place from whence you came,
 Who like a hardy fool did Chuse
 Your life and fame, and all to lose.
 Such was your foolish Zeal, (or Spite)
 Than live and do what's Just and Right,
 Though in full Splendour and Delight.

Ach. All this is true, faith honest Tory,
 But then I thought that worldly Glory,
 Was th' onely *Summum Bonum* tho
 I now find that 'twas nothing so:
 No, notwithstanding Father *Homer*,
 Said it was so, upon his Honour;
 With other Modern Poets too,
 But I find none of them spoke true;
 Here Strength, and Handsomness, (that rare thing)
 Don't signifie one single Farthing;
 Nor can I find the *Grecians* (hear me)
 Do Reverence or *Trojans* fear me.

E

Nor

Nor is here any difference neither,
 But just like Birds of the same feather,
 We're all alike and flock together.
 Therefore I cou'd wish that I were
 To breath a little *Grecian* Air,
 Tho at the hazard, (I must tell you)
 Of being but some little Fellow :

Anti. Come, come leave off this murmuring trade
 The laws o' th' World must be obey'd.
 And Nature too, must have her swing
 And all Obey Great Order's King:
 Besides your mighty Men are too,
 All gon, or dead, as well as you.

Achi. *Antilochus* it is in vain,
 To comfort me, I tell you plain,
 For I am fill'd with strange Regrets,
 Which thoughts of life in me begets.
 And you are troubled too (I see,)
 Tho you dissemble more than I:
 If the not daring to complain
 When overwhelm'd with Fear and Pain.
 Ben't full as foolish, and as vain,
 As th' little tricks, that Children play
 Upon a Summers Holy-day.

Anti. 'Tis Resolution rather tho
 To suffer with a serious Brow;
 Yet yours was not so I (Profess,)
 But onely a Fool-hardiness.
 Nor is it wisdom to Complain,
 When by it we no good can gain;
 And it is better much, to bear
 Ones sufferings with a chearfull Air,
 So one but leave unto his Nation,
 An honest, spotless, Reputation,
 Than to become a laughing-stooll,
 By vain complaints to ev'ry Fooll.

LUCIAN

Printed for Charles Corbet at the Oxford-Arms
 in Warwick-lane. 1684.

LUCIAN.

A
DIALOGUEBetween
ZEPHYRUS and NOTUS.

No. **T**He Cow you see so briskly move,
Friend *Zephyrus*, was Whore to *Jove*;
Whom *Mercury*, his Man, is driving
To *Agypt*, there to graze her Living:

Ze. I know't, and then she was a Maiden,
As good as ever Leg was lay'd-on;
But *Juno*'s plaguy Jealousie
Has since transform'd her, as you see.

No. And think'st thou *Jupiter* does know it?
Sure if he did, he wou'd not do it;

Ze. Yes, yes, he knows it well enough,
And has forbidden us to puff
'Till she's arriv'd, and out of fear;
Besides she is to lie Inn there;
Her bastard too, (altho' it odd is,)
Will be a God, and she a Goddess;

No. A Cow a Goddess! that's a Bull;

Ze. *Jove* can do any thing you Fool:
Or e'failers she will govern too,
And what she pleases we must do:
'Tis very hard, we must not roar
But when commanded by a Whore.

No. Nay then, betimes let's court the Minion,
To get into her good Opinion:
Our Interest says it must be done,
And all Men court the Rising-sun.

Ze. See, she's arriv'd upon the plain,
And is a Woman too again,
And goes no longer now on four
But walks like any other Whore.

No. This is a Miracle! for now
She's has nought remaining of the Cow,
And *Mercury* to wait on her
Has turn'd himself into a Cur.

Ze. Let's curb our Curiosity
For there must in't some Mistry be,
But *Mercury* better knows than we.

A Dialogue betwixt *Jupiter*, *Esculapius* and *Hercules*.

Jup. **L**eave off, i'll have no more such stirs,
Always a quarrelling ye Curs?
No sooner I sit down to table in
The Parlour, but you fall to squabbling,

F

Growling

Growling and snarling just like Dogs,
One might as well go eat with Hogs ;

Her. Why father is it fit that he,
Damn'd Quack, shou'd take the wall of me ?

Escu. No Quack you Ruffian as you flout,
But God of Physick, absolute :

A thousand times your Betters too,
You Clumsie Lubber, Bouteleau !

Her. Betters ! you Clod-Pate undertaker,
This must not do, you Piss-pot shaker ;
Tho your dull Brains were dash't with Thunder ;
And then restor'd, the greater Wonder.

Escu. It much becomes you Scoundrel tho
To jeer me with my dying so,
When you on *Oeta*, pray compare
Were burnt alive, as Wizards are.

Her. Mine was a voluntary Prank
Thou dull Quack-salving Mountebank :
After the Monsters I had hurl'd
To several Deaths, who'd plagu'd the World ;
Whilst thou, dull swaggering *Ignoramus*
By canting on a Stage grew famous,
And bantring in a Purple-cloak,
So cheating honest Country-folk.

Escu. But when you came to us so maul'd,
Grill'd, scorcht, and roasted, fry'd, and scawld,
I was your Doctor, (Beast,) to cure ye
Altho you cannot since endure me :
And now I think on't (by the by,)
I never was an Hostler, I ;
Nor was I servant to a Whore,
To make me spin from door to Door ;
And if my task I did not do,
Be beaten with the Distaff too,
Nor did I (slay upon my life)
My little Children and my Wife,
As thou didst lately do, foul beast !

Her. Stop your Gally-pot-mouth you'd best,
Or else *Jove's* self shall not secure ye,
From my inveterate Rage and Fury ;
I'll make thee cut a Caper down,
From Heaven to Earth (dull senseless Clown ;)
Which shall so shake thy Adle-brains,
That thou with all thy Art and Pains,
To cur't, shall find enough to do,
Tho thou art good at probing too.

Jup. Leave off damn'd Dogs, or else uds boors !
I'll turn ye both out of my Doors :
The Doctor's oldest, therefore pray
You Clubster, let him have the way.

LUCIAN.

A DIALOGUE

Between
MERCURY and CHARON.

Mer. **P**rithee *Tarpaulin* let us see,
How much thou art in debt to me?
Least we should both forget it, come,
And let's cast up the total sum;
For if we shou'd mistake a Groat,
Thoud'st fret, and never mind thy boat.

Cha. Reckon *Mercury*? for my part,
I am content with all my heart.

Mer. *Imprimis*, for thee I lay'd out
To buy an Anchor for thy boat,
Twenty five pence (in ready Dust)
For honest Swabber I'll be just.

Cha. So much d'you say? (I'll vow and swear,)
As things go now, that's very dear.

Mer. Why faith and troth, what e're you think,
It Cost so much, in ready Chink.

Item, (let me see,) two pence more
For that, to which, you tye the Oar.

Cha. That's very well, to th' other score
(Pray be exact,) set two pence more.

Mer. *Item*, a Needle I did buy,
Which cost me, four pence half-penny,
To mend the sails, last storm we had;

Cha. Add them together now my lad.

Mer. *Item*, For Pitch, and Tar, and Nails,
And a small Rope to hoist the sails,
Just ten pence I laid out for you,

Cha. That's very reas'nable I vow.

Mer. And this is all I think (dear Chroney)
But prithee when wilt pay the Money?

Cha. Why truly friend, (I won't harrangue thee,)
But if I have a farthing, hang me:
Yet if the times do mend, I swear,
And there shou'd come a Plague, or War,
That so I might a little juggle,
And now and then the Custome smuggle,
I'll pay thee ev'ry farthing (know me)
That thou wilt say that I now owe thee.

Mer. And i'th mean time I must by th' Loss:
Sit down, with folded Arms a-Cross

G

And

And wish that Plagues and Mischiefs may,
Take half the wicked World away,
Before you'll able be to pay me,
Faith 'tis not fair, you shou'd delay me.

Cha. I shan't be able troth before,
(Friend *Mercury*) to pay thy Score.

Mer. I'd rather ne're be paid by thee,
Than all those strange Misfortunes see ;
But this does put into my head,
A thing relating to the dead ;
Why those dye now, shou'd differ so,
From those folk, who dy'd long ago ;
For then they all were brisk and strong,
Plump, fleshy, vigorous, and young.
And seldom with a body whole,
But cut and slasht from feet to poll ;
With darts and spears, and many a thwack,
Oft' lookt like th' man i'th' Almanack.
Whereas they now are little things,
Most dying of their surfeitings ;
Pale, wan, and weak, and hardly able
Togo a hi-lone, by a Table.
Some kill'd by Wine, debauch'd with stum
Or drinking, *Supernaculum*
Others with something else, (but Mum)
Some have been sent too, by their friends
To bring about their private ends.
Others have suffer'd by their heirs,
While some have pin'd away with cares.

Cha. I do not wonder (honest friend)
That Int'rest shou'd so many send ;
For 'tis a hard thing now to get
Ones own, tho prov'd, by law a debt :
Therefore much more, to get it by
Ones Labour, or ones Industry.

Mer. Wonder not than, (for well you know me)
I spoke oth' money, that you owe me.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

*There are lately Publish'd some Modern Dialogues
Intituled Lucian's Ghost done out of French, Prin-
ted for James Norris at the Kings Arms without
Temple-Bar.*

LUCIAN.

*Printed for Charles Corbet at the Oxford-Arms
in Warwick-lane. 1684.*

LUCIAN.

A DIALOGUE

Between
MENIPPUS and CHIRON.

Men. **C***Hiron* I've often heard it told
That thou did'st wish (fore thou wast
Death wou'd thy flesh and spirit sever [old)
Tho thou had'st leave to live for ever:
Come prithee tell me why thou wast
So fond of Death, and in such hast?
That thou thy self shoud'st break the Bonds
Of Life; and fall by thy own hands,
As if thou'd'st weary bin of breath,
'Cause I see no such Charms in Death.

Chi. I'll tell thee, if thou wilt not teaz me,
Something fell out, that did not please me,
Which was the cause I wou'd not stay.

Men. Were you not glad t'enjoy the Day?

Chi. No, I had too much discontent,

Men. And did'st thou ne're for it repent?

Chi. No, I was never yet so vain,
And 'tis as little to complain.
Besides 'tis dull to live, since we
In life have no Diversity,
For still we do, (to our great Pain)
The same things o're and o're again;
We eat and drink and to our sorrow,
We drink and eat agen to Morrow;
To Night we sleep, and dream, and then
Next night we do the same agen,
Thirsting, Drinking, Eating, Hunger
So tyred me I'de live no longer.

Men. But how did you support your Death,
When your for it, had swopt your Breath?

Chi. Without a Grudge, or was I troubl'd,
For here my Pleasures all are doubl'd?
Here's no Ambition, no great places,
No haughty looks, nor bold Menaces.

H

No

No striving to be Rich, or great
 But all's Hail-fellow here, well met.
 'Tis like a Pop'lar-state, for here
 No one must huff or domineer;
 Where ev'ry Cobler is as free
 And of as high Nobility,
 As any man dare shew his face,
 Or live, in such a Govern'd place:
 And what care I (for my delight)
 Whether it be or day or night,
 And then we've this advantage too;
 We neither eat nor drink below,
 Nor are we Plagu'd with Thirst or Hunger,
 (Which than a stone Wall's counted stronger)
 Or with any other Clogs of Life,
 Or with that Cursed plague a Wife;
 Obedience unto friends, or kin,
 Or any other idle sin.
 Nor do we Covet this man's Coney,
 Or that man's house or Patrimony,
 Here we are never wanting neither
 Of shelter, from the stormy Weather,
 And let the frost be ne're so furious,
 Unto our Poor 'tis ne're Injurious.
 Nor do they howl, or bawl, for Bread,
 Or are the wealthy surfeited.
 But all are here alike and free
 from mortal Inconveniency.

Men. Chiron take heed you do not do
 What you wou'd willingly eschew,
 And so relapse (as if decoy'd)
 Into the fault you wou'd avoid:
 For if thy life (to thee) was pain
 By doing the same things o're again,
 Sure now thou'st 'cause to grieve since we
 In Hell, have no variety.

Chi. Tell me *Menippus* (if it Please thee)
 What I must do to make me Easie.

Men. Why, what was done in former Ages
 To gain Content by th' Antient *Sages*,
 And to believe what can't be cur'd
 In life, or death, may be endur'd.

LUCIAN.

Printed for Charles Corbet at the Oxford-Arms
 in Warwick-lane. 1684.

LUCIAN.

A DIALOGUE

Between
ÆACUS, PROTESILAUS,
MENELAUS and PARIS.

Æa. **B**Y *Pluto*! I demand the Cause
Why thou dost thus, *Protesilaus*?
No sooner thou art enter'd *Hell* in,
But straight thou Kick'st and Buffets *Helen*;
And fal'st upon her in such manner,
As if thou'd'st make a Devil on her.

Pro. Furies and Hell! pray is not she,
The cause of all my misery?
Such Wheed'ling things, the *Baggage* did do,
That my poor Wife liv'd (like) a Widdow;
Besides my Family was spoyl'd,
For by her means I had no Child.

Æa. Ud's Death! bang him who was the cause,
That (to'ther Cuckold) *Menelaus*,
Who to those Mischiefs led thee on,
By which thou fairly, art undone?

Pro. By Heaven! that is truly said,
Have at thy Plotting Loggerhead!

Men. Hold, hold: you are beside the faddle
Or else your Coxcombs brains are addle;
Tis not with me, but *Monsieur Paris*,
(If you will do the thing that fair is,)
You ought to Quarrel with, for he;
Sans Right of hospitallity
Debauch't my Wife, and (as you knew well,)
Ravish't away my precious Jewel.
The *Bastard* like a Thief wou'd come
I'th' Night, when I was drunk as Drum,
And firke the Gipsie'bout the Bum.
My servants bribe, and for a Whimsie
Wou'd often hide himself i'th' Chimnie,
With Scaling Ladders, (made of Garters,)
He'd often mount into her Quarters.
For this he well deserves a banging,
and (for what else I know) a hanging

The

The *Trojans* reason have to hate him.
 The *Greeks* when er'e they can, will beat him.
 Both sides so hate the Cursed Elf
 That now he may go hang himself
 For want of one to do the favour,
 (So save some body else, a Labour,)
 All that have lost their lives of late,
 Have reason too the Fool to hate.
 He led them on to their undoing
 And on himself and them brought Ruine.

Pro. Thou doubly damn'd to Hell! with Clods,
 I'll break thy Head, by all the God's:
 I'll strangle then away thy breath,
 For gulling Men so into Death,
 Nay, flinch not Dog, for I'll assure thee,
 Now, thou sha't feel my Rage and Fury.

Paris. Truly I think *Protesilaus*
 Your angry now without a Cause.
 For you your self a Votary
 Are to the self same Deity:
 Besides you know we're forc'd to do
 What e're he's pleas'd to lead us to.

Pro. 'Tis true, that God is much to blame,
 And is th' chief Cause of all our shame.

Æa. He might have said tho if he wou'd
 Thou drew'st upon thy self thy blood,
 Since thou must needs run pushing on,
 To purchase Honour and Renown,
 And so wast chopt to death (before)
 Thou wast well landed on the shore,
 Forgetting that thou had'st a Whore.

Pro. I rather shou'd complain of Heaven,
 To leave me thus at six and seven;
 And Destiny that cursed Jade,
 That I shou'd now be thus betray'd;
 Nay, faith and troth it was not Civil,
 To send one headlong thus to th' Devil.

Æa. Blame and accuse whom e're you please,
 But let these People live at ease;
 And leave off all this foolish stuff,
 For Hell without it's bad enough.

LUCIAN.

*Printed for Charles Corbet at the Oxford-Arms
 in Warwick-lane. 1684.*

LUCIAN.

A
DIALOGUEBetween
PLUTO and MERCURY.Tuesday Feb. 26th. 1683⁴.

Pluto. **M***erc'ry* do'st know that Fellow there?
Who's old, and rich, but wants an
On whom so many people wait [Heir,
In hopes he'll leave 'em his Estate.

Mer. D'you mean the *Sicyonian*?

Pluto. The very same Grey-hair'd old Man.
And prithee *Merc'ry* do not grudge
To be unto his Age a Crutch;
And let him live and Guzzle on,
Untill those Fools are dead and gone;
Who after him so often dance,
Expecting his Inheritance.
Do this and you'll oblige me too,
In troth you will, I prithee do?

Mer. No, 'tis unjust to kill the Young,
And let the Aged live so long.
Besides, the like was never known,
'Tis turning Nature upside down.

Pluto. Come nimble Tongue you are mista'ne,
'Tis very just as I'll explain:
For why shou'd they have his Estate,
Who by no way to him Relate;
And 'fore his Face to gain his favour
Desire he may live for ever?
Make Vows in publick for his Health,
As if they valu'd not his Wealth:
When privately they wish him cold,
That they may share his Bags of Gold.
Therefore good *Merc'ry* see it done,
He ought t' out-live 'em ev'ry one:
And tho perhaps it make 'em snort all,
Let 'em believe he is Immortall.

K

Mer.

probably Ben
Jonson took his
Volpone from this hint
of Lucian

Mer. And now I think on't faith they do
Deserve to be all Punish'd so,
Because each Dog may have his due.
But that which pleases me the most,
Is to observe how they are tost,
By him from Pillar (back) to Post.
For still 'fore them he seems a dying,
With all his Fam'ly round him Crying;
Tho when they're gone he's very well,
And drinks, and eats a hearty Meal:
And this to make 'em all redouble
Their Assiduity and Trouble;
That as their hopes (of Death) increases,
They may improve their kind Caresses;
For he much pleasure takes to teaze 'em,
And is resolved ne'er to please 'em.
But now I am afraid at last
They'll want the Means to break their Fast,
By over eagerness to get
Another's Wealth to make 'em Great.

Pluto. Therefore because they've bin so vain,
Let him be brisk and young again.
To boast and brag let them have no cause,
But make him strong again like *Jolaut*.
And for their parts let me Intreat it,
That to the Guts they may be fretted,
To see their greedy hopes defeated.
In Dreams let him his Wealth be sharing,
Thinking them dead as any Herring,
But when they waking find it not,
Let each man cut his proper Throat.

Mer. But Master *Pluto* (I assure you)
You ought not to instruct *Mercury*;
Come let me see, (then he did wink,
And cry'd) they're seven just (I think)
I'll bring 'em all, one after t'other,
(Each Son of Whore, or honest Mother.)

Pluto. D'b'uy and then you'll please me too,
But pray take heed in what you do,
And let the old Man (free from cares)
Out-live's Imaginary Heirs.

LUCIAN.

Printed for Charles Corbet at the Oxford-Arms
in Warwick-lane. 1684.

LUCIAN.

A DIALOGUE

Between
MENIPPUS and CERBERUS.

Men. **T**HOU Great *Triumvirate* of Pates!
And Porter of th' Infernal Gates;
Tell me, when *Socrates* came down,
What Face and Humour, wore the Clown?

Deal frankly with me, since we are,
(As well as *Cyniques*) *Chronies* here:
For as you are a *God*, you can;
Or bark like Dog, or talk like Man.

Cer. At first he fullen was, and Mute,
Seem'd very bold, and Resolute;
And fain wou'd pass for one that ne'er
Was shokt by death, or shak'd by fear:
And did behave himself, as well,
At's death, as any he, in *Hell*:
But when within these shades his foot
He'ad set, (and drawn the other to't)
The ('fore so stout, then) trembling Spark,
Did quake and shake, to see't so Dark.
And when my twice-three Ears I shook,
He lookt just like one Thunder-strook:
But when I snarl'd at him, and groul'd,
And with my gaping three-mouths howl'd:
Snapt at his Shins, (and's Stockins Spoil'd)
He cry'd (and bellow'd) like a Child;
Tormenting's self, as if he had,
Been drunk (with *Nants*) or Raving Mad.

Men. If so, as far as I can gather,
Than Valiant, he a Cheat was rather,
And did not when he hither Coasted
Despise and bear death as he boasted.

Cer. Yes, when he saw (I must confess)
That on he must without redress,
He shew'd some Courage, and ('tis said;)
He did not seem to be dismay'd;
But bore it with as bold a Brow,
As the occasion wou'd allow;

B

And

And lookt, as if 'twas not Necessity,
 But pure *Chance-Medly* in Adversity :
 Tho I believ'd 'twas partly done,
 To be admir'd by th' Lookers on :
 Or, to beget the Reputation,
 Of Stout, he dy'd that surly fashion.
 The same too may be said of most,
 Who for that *Cause*, came to our Coast :
 They're wond'rous Valiant just before,
 But when they come to th' very Door ;
 The boldest Spirit of 'em fails,
 (And look like Dogs, that hang their Tails.)
Men. But *Cerb'rus* what canst say of me ?
 When I came down to visit thee.

Cer. Thou art a Worthy brave Philosopher,
 And boldly didst the Ferry cross over,
 As Great *Diogenes* did before thee,
 (If there be any truth in Story).
 I'll swear for thee, thou cam'st not here
 Unwillingly, by force, or fear,
 But in a chearful manner, Gay,
 Tickling, and Smiling all the way ;
 As if you had nought else to do,
 But to be merry here below ;
 While others in this place are Weeping,
 And alwayes such a Noise are Keeping ;
 One had as good be in a Mill,
 (In troth 'tis true) as live in *Hell*.

A Dialogue between Jupiter, and Ganymede.

Jup. **H**OW is't, my pretty One ? Come, speak,
 Now I have neither Claw, nor Beak ;
 You'l Kiss me sure : you need not Fear,
 Nothing, my Love shall Hurt you here.

Gan. Where are they then ? I'me zure that you,
 A Hugeous *Eagle*, was but now :
 Vor as I did my Vathers *Zheep*,
 Upon our Vurzie *Common* keep ;
 You Zwopt me up, while I lay Kicking,
 As if I'de been a Tiny *Chicken*.
 How cou'd you do it, pray ? Vor now,
 You look as our *Town-Zhepherds* do ;
 And are a Man, I vancy too.

Jup. I'me neither *Man*, nor *Eagle*, Love ;
 But King of all the the Pow'rs Above :
 Who so Transform'd my self to be,
 More Strong and Fit, to Carry thee.

Gan. But

Gan. But tell me *Grandzir*, if you can,
Who 'tis you are? Or are you *Pan*?
Yet now I think more on the Matter,
He looks as Wild, as any *Zatyr*.
Horns on his *Head*, and *Cloven Paw*,
With *Hairy Feet*, and *Pipe of Straw*;
The only *Marks*, I know him by.

Jup. Know'st thou no other *Deity*?

Gan. Not I, d'you think I'de tell you Lies:
But ev'ry Year we *Zacrivize*,
To him a *Goat*, in his own *Cave*,
Because he zhou'd our *Cattle Zave*;
But you, vor all you're zuch a *Ztrapper*,
I veer, are but zome zly *Kidnapper*;
Who Get your Living by *Decoys*,
And *Mony* make, of *Little Boys*.

Jup. Didst thou ne'er hear, of *Mighty Jove*?
Whose *Temple* is in *Ida's Grove*,
Who *Lightens Heaven* at his *Pleasure*;
And *Thunders People* so together.

Gan. O yes, is't you who make that *Noise*,
And *Vrighten Women* zo, and *Boys*:
To whom my *Vather*, ev'ry year,
Does *Zacrivize a Ram* for Year,
He shou'd make *Bread*, and *Butter Dear*.
But why did you znatch me away?
The *Woolf*, will all my *Lamkins*, *Zlay*.

Jup. Thou think'st of nothing, but thy *Sheep*;
Thou'rt now *Immortal*, and must keep
Dull *Brutes* no more; but *Live* with me,
And ever keep *Gods Company*.

Gan. But won't you zet me down again?

Jup. No: All my *Labour's* then in *Vain*.

Gan. But my poor *Dad*, will *Nangry* be,
If he his *Boy* shou'd never zee;
And *Beat* me 'cause I left my *Zheep*.

Jup. Fear not, I will thee *always* keep.

Gan. Don't keep me now; I pray now, don't,
I wonnot ztay now, that I won't.
Yet, if you will but let me go;
Ple *Zacrivize a Ram* to you.

Jup. How simple is this pretty Boy;
Come ben't dismay'd, *Chear up* my Joy:
You must forget all things below,
My *Nubsie*, you're in *Heaven* now,
And may do good unto your *Friends*;
And never think on private *Ends*.
You shall no longer be a *Boy*,
But have what e'er the *God's* Enjoy.

Instead of *Butter*, *Cheese*, and *Whey*,
Have *Nectar*, and *Ambrosia* :

And have your *Star* amongst the Rest,
And Shine as Glorious, as the Best.

Gan. That's mighty Brave: But *Zir*, if I
Wou'd Play, Who'll keep me Company?
For when I was on *Ida's Hill*,
I had my *Playvellow*s at Will.

Jup. *Cupid*, my Lad, shall Play with thee,
If thou wilt Brisk, and Chearful be:
For he's as Arch a *Wagg*, as thou;
But mind no more the Things below.

Gan. I marry *Zir*! that's pure indeed,
But have you any Vlocks to Veed?
Else what shall I do here Above?

Jup. Thou shalt be *Cup-bearer* to *Jove*,
And fill him *Nectar* little Love.

Gan. Is that zo good as *Milk*, and *Whey*?

Jup. Better, my Joy by far, than they;
And thou shalt Drink it ev'ry day.

Gan. Where must I Lye a Nights, *Zir* tho?
With *Cupid*, my Vine *Playvellow* :

Jup. No, no, with me; my pretty One.

Gan. What, are you 'vraid to lye alone?

Jup. 'Tis better with a pretty Lad;

Gan. Zure you are Drunk good *Zir*, or Mad;
What good can Pretty do a Bed?
When Zleep is got into ones Head.

Jup. Sleep 's not so Pleasant, when Alone;
Two is much better (Dear) than One.

Gen. When I lay with my Vather, he
Did alwayes vex, and vret at me;
Because I zuch a doo did keep,
Tumbling, and talking in my Zleep:
And Punct him on the zides and head,
And kickt him almost out oth' Bed,
That he wou'd zend me to my Mother,
I allwayes kept zuch ztir and pother,
If you took me vor this Idain,
You'l quickly zet me down again.

Jup. I than thy Father love thee more,
He kifs and handle thee all o're:
Besides, I've other things in store.

Gan. You may do what you will, and keep
What ztir you pleaze, but I will Zleep.

Jup. We'll talk of this another day.
Here! take him (*Mercury*) away,
And see'm drink Imortality,
That he may serve's in Quallity;

Of Cupbearer, and teach the Fool,
To make a Leg, and give the Bowl.

A Dialogue between *Crates* and *Diogenes*.

Cra. **D**ID you know that Old *Cinque* and *Cater*,
Who such a stir made on the Water;
With Ships and Boats of ev'ry size,
As if th' Sea he'd Monopolize?
He liv'd at *Corinth* in the High House,
His Name was (let me see) *Merichus*;
Whose Cousin was, as great a Rascal
As ever drank of Wine a flafque all;
Believe me, or his Neighbours, ask All;
And full as Rich, and Old as he,
And had as much Frigidity;
As near, and Covetous he was,
And ev'ry whit as much an Ass:
Repeating still that piece of Honour,
Deliver'd to the World by *Homer*:
Into his Ears, *Do thou kill me*,
Chuse which thou wilt, or *I'll Kill thee*:
'Tis pitty that we both shou'd live,
Let him take all who must Survive;
For you must know, they had made over
Their whole Estates to one another;
Consulted all the South-sayers,
Conjurers and *Astrologers*,
To know whom *Monsieur Mors* his Worship
Would give it all, by Survivorship.
But these Damn'd scoundrels, one wou'd Wheedle
And then the other *Trouble*, they'd tickle;
So both of them a while were eas'd
Tho neither of 'em Thro'ly pleas'd;
For all those Fellows at the best,
Are Cheats, and prate for Interest.

Dio. But what became on't, Prithee *Crates*.

Cra. Why I will tell thee what their fate was:
They both together on a day,
Dropt into th' Grave (as one may say)
And left their Riches all to them,
They ne're so much as in a Dream
Did ever think of, or the (Wench-on)
Conjurers did ever Mention.

Dio. I'm glad on't Faith, it makes me Jolly,
And much delights me: but such Folly,
By thou and I, was ne're Committed;
Or were we e're so basely Cheated:

(Such foolish idle things, but mean is.)
 I never wish'd that *Antisthenes*
 Wou'd die, and leave his Oaken Plant
 To me, tho I stood then in want:
 Or, didst thou ever wish for mine,
 That *Tub*, and *Scrip*, might both be thine.

Crates. That's true, because we were content
 With that small Stock kind Fortune sent;
 And I thought 'twas enough t' Inherit
 Thy Virtues, and thy God-like Spirit:
 As thou had'st done, on the same Score,
 By Great *Antisthenes* before.
 Which Wealth is more to be desir'd,
 Tho not of late so much Admir'd;
 You ne're saw any come to us,
 To learn how to be Virtuous;
 Whereas you see they never fail
 Pursuing Riches, Tooth and Nail;
 While others striving to be Great,
 Admiring Titles, Pomp and State;
 Will live on Pottage, Herbs and Carrot,
 So they may hurry't in a Chariot,
 Attended on by tatter'd Pages,
 With Lanthorn Jaws, starv'd at Board-Wages,
 Which ne're was known in former Ages.

Dio. It is no Wonder this to see,
 Their Souls are spoil'd by Luxury:
 They're void of Honour, and so Vain,
 They cannot any good contain:
 They're like th' *Bellides* here in Hell,
 Whose Barrel runs out faster still,
 Than they have Power and Strength to fill:
 But shou'd you dare to be so bold
 As Venture, but to touch their Gold,
 So much to good men they are helps,
 You might as well a Lyons Rob of Whelps.

Crates. Besides, this Comfort too we have,
 We carry all our Wealth to th' Grave;
 Whilest they (than us) do bring no more,
 So leave behind 'em all their Store:
 And honest *Charon* (if they've any)
 Does ease 'em of their last poor Penny:
 Which is thrust in their Mouths by those
 Who put 'em on their Bur'ing Cloaths.

A Dialogue between *Charon*, *Mercury*, (a Company of Dead Men,) *Menippus*, *Charmoleus*, *Lampichus*, *Damasias*, a *Philosopher*, and a *Rhetorician*.

Charon. Come Listen, All, to what I say,
My *Ferry-Boat's* gone to Decay;
It Leaks, is Old, and very Rotten,
Besides, my *Bench* and *Oars* are Broken;
Therefore sit still, and Trim it well,
Or else, twon't Carry you to *Hell*:
For here's so many come together,
That if we shou'd but have foul Weather,
Their *Luggage* is so very Great,
They will my *Wherry* Over-set:
Then those that cannot Swim, will be,
In a pretty Pickle presently.

The Dead. What shall we do than, prithee *Charon*?
For to get over *Acheron*?

Charon. I'll tell you, you must come as bare,
As when you first breath'd *Grecian Air*;
And leave your *Trumpery* on the Shore,
And ne'r so much as think on't more.
And since my *Boat's* so very Small,
'Tis well if then it hold ye All.
Be it thy Charge too, *Messenger*,
T' Examine ev'ry Passenger.
That none but half-Stav'd Fellows come,
Expecting in my *Wherry Room*.
Take Care too, and be sure you Mind 'em,
To leave their *Baggage* all behind 'em;
Then on the *Ladder* stand Equipt,
And force 'em all to enter Stript.

Mercury, I will Obey, and now let's see,
Who 'tis comes first ith' Company.

Menip. 'Tis I, *Menippus*, who am come,
To be a little Troublesome.

Tho I have thrown into the *Lake*,
My *Staff*, and *Wallet*, for the sake
Of easy *Wastage*: And 'tis well,
I brought no *Gown*, nor *Surfsingle*;
(Tho if the Naked Truth were known,
In all my Life, I ne'r had One.)

Mercury. Enter *Menippus* to the Sculler,
Thou best of Men, before 'tis fuller;
And take the Highest Place, that thou,
From thence may'st see, what others do;

But who is this that comes to see us?

Charmoleus. I am the Lovely *Charmoleus*,
Who for a Kiss, took as much Money's,
As wou'd have purchast'd Fifty *Coneys*.

Mercury. Cast off your *Beauty*, and your *Pride*,
Your *Lips*, *Red-Cheeks*, and *Hair* beside:
And do not think to enter in
To Hell, and sleep in a Whole Skin;
But pull it off, and do not Venture.
'Tis Well, so now you'r fit to Enter.

But what Grim Sir is that, when Dead,
Dares Venture with a Crown On's Head?

Lampichus. I am Prince *Lampichus* of *Gela*.

Mercury. Why thus Loaden, prithee Fellow?

Lampichus. Why shou'd a Prince come Naked too?

Mercury. A Prince shou'd not; but Dead Men do.

Therefore put off your *Ornaments*.

Lampichus. There Lye, my Rich *Habiliments*:

Mercury. And you must put off too, (beside,)
Your *Hanghty-Looks*, your *State*, and *Pride*;
For if they Enter, you shall see,
They'l Sink the *Boat* immediately.

Lampichus. Let me but keep my *Robe*, and *Crown*:

Mercury. No, you must even them lay down.

Lampichus. There then, what more have I to do?

Mercury. You must put off your *Fury* too.

To Wit, and Knowledge, your pretence,
Your Cruelty, and Insolence.

Lampichus. See, I am Naked to the Skin,

Mercury. 'Tis very well, Now Enter in.

What great Fool's this? (Fat as an *Ostler*.)

Damasias. I am *Damasias* the *Wrastler*.

Mercury. I thought so, you I've often seen.

Damasias. True, therefore Naked, let me in.

Mercury. You are not Naked Understood,

When Cloath'd with all this *Flesh*, and *Blood*:

Therefore pray Strip; nay, you must do't,

And Cast away your *Crowns* to Boot;

For else your Waight will Sink the *Boat*.

Damasias. See, I Obey, and am Industrious,

To make my Slender *Ghost* Illustrious! *

* See an E-
legy on Prince
Rupert.

Mercury. So, now come in, for thou'rt, as Fit,

As any ever Enter'd yet:

You *Crato*, throw away your Riches,

You that Wore *Coats*, instead of *Breeches*;

And bring not here your *Poetrie*,

Your *Titles*, nor your *Pedigree*.

The

Your Statues neither, which for Mony
The City did bestow upon you:
And speak not of your Tomb, for that
From the Remembrance gathers weight.

Crato. Well I will do't, for who that lives,
But needs must go, when th' Devil drives.

Mercury. Bless me! I think the man is mad,
What carry *Trophies* now you'r dead?

Crato. Who for this Honour wou'd not strive,
When 'twas a Cities Donative.

Mercury. Come leave your Arms t' your living Race,
For Hell's a very civil Place:

What shade is that? who does behave
Himself so well and looks so Grave?
Who knits his brows, in such strange fashion,
And is so fill'd with Contemplation;
And wears so very long a Beard,
(Enough to make a Horse asfear'd.)

Menippus. He is, *Mercury*, a *Philosopher*,
Who in one hand two Eggs can tols over:
'A *Jugler*, *Mountebank* or *Zainye*,
Who can be ev'ry thing to any:
Strip him and you shall ten to one,
Find Pretty things beneath his Gown.

Mercury. Come, lay aside your Gown and Dress,
And let's behold your Nakedness.

O *Jupiter*! What Ignorance,
Intricate Notions, Arrogance,
Vain-Glory, Trifles, and Contention,
(With many more too long to mention)
Did this proud Fellow car' about him
(That he'l be nothing sure without 'em:)
Pleasures and Gold too, (by the bye,)
With Wantoness and Luxury;
All this I know, tho you'd it hide;
Cast off your Lying too, and Pride;
Your fond Conceit, that you are blest
With Gifts far better than the best;
For if you enter burden'd so,
A first Rate Ship won't carry you.

Philosopher. Since you will have it so, 'tis done,

Menippus. Pull off his Beard which is so long,
There's no enduring't, 'tis so strong:
And does in filth so much abound,
I do believe it weighs a pound.

Philosopher. But who shall cut it *Mercury*?

Mercury. *Menippus*, he'll do't Cleverly:

Here, take the Axe with which the Boat
We mend, but have a care of's Throat;
And Chop it off, 'twill save a Groat.

Menippus. Lend me the Saw: for that will do,
And't's more Ridiculous o'th' two.

Mercury. No, do't with Axe now if you can:

Menippus. So, now you look like any man;
Now this Damn'd Plaguey stink is gon:
But shall I leave his Eye-brows on?

Mercury. O Yes, for those he us'd when he,
Did strive to look most Piously:
What, dost thou cry? (O foolish Man)
Afraid of Death! Come enter than.

Menippus. He still hath one thing strong I see.

Mercury. What is't?

Menippus. Confounded Flattery.

Philosopher. Do you *Menippus* than lay by
Your Boldness, Joques, and Liberty.

Mercury. By no means; keep them still, for they
Being light, will help us in our way:
And you too Pleader, pray lay by
Your Similitudes and Oratory;
Your Barbarisms, and other Trade,
Which you Damn'd Rhetoricians made.

Rhetorician. 'Tis done.——

Mercury. 'Tis well, now set from shore,
Pull up the Anchor, Ply the Oar;
Haul in the Ladder, spread the Sayle;
Now for a brisk and nimble Gale.

Look to the Stern there, you can tell
Charon best how; Hey! Hey! for Hell.

Why howle ye Fools? What, are ye afear'd,
Sure thou cry'st, 'cause thou'st lost thy Beard.

Philosopher. No, 'tis (tho ye on me retort all)
Because I thought the Soul Immortal.

Menippus. He lies, he does not weep for that;

Mercury. Prithee *Menippus* than for what?

Menippus. Because he can't be invited more,
To Costly Suppers as before;
Nor muffled up steal forth by Night,
To please his Beastly Appetite;
When he's not able for to do,
What Nature calls Mankind unto;
Yet he next Morn does Wisdom Preach,
And Virtue does pretend to Teach:
And takes mens Money too, to do't;
These are the things that grieve the Sot.

Philosopher. Art thou not troubled, being dead?

Menippus. Thou art a silly Loggerhead
To think so, when I made a Venture,
And came my self, 'fore I was sent for.
But heark from Earth, I hear a Noise!

Mercury. 'Tis a Company of Men and Boyes;
Who are met together to be Merry,
Since *Lampichus* came into th' *Wherry*:
The Women Maull his Wifes poor bones,
VVhile at his Children Boys throw Stones:
Others in *Sycyconia* Praise,
And him *Diophantus* gives the Bayes;
For the Oration he did bawl,
At our Friend *Crato's* Funeral:
Damasias's Mother too i'th' Fashion,
VVith other Fools makes Lamentation:
But no body *Menippus* cries,
To Celebrate thy Qbsequies.

Menippus. Not so, for when they bury me,
You'l hear the Doggs bark Dolefully:
The Crows shall beat their VVings, and all
To Solemnize my Funeral.

Mercury. Thou'rt Valiant to a Miracle;
So, now we are arriv'd at Hell:
Go all to th' Court of Justice straight,
VVhile I and *Charon* get more Freight.

Menippus. Farewel *Mercury*, we will on;
And see what here is to be done.
VWhat will become of you my Friends?
You must b' Arraign'd; besides the *Fiends*
Have strange Prodigious Methods here
To Punish; some with Wheels they Tear,
Some they Expose in Frozen Parts,
Where Vultures prey upon their Hearts.
Others do Maull their flesh and bones,
By Rolling weighty Craggy Stones;
While others are with Serpents Lasht,
And into boyling Caldrons dasht.
Here all your thoughts will open'd be
That ev'ry one Accordingly,
May have his Just reward of Misery.

A Dialogue between Pluto and Terpsion.

Ter. **I**T is Unreasonable *Pluto*,
That I shou'd Dye so Youthful (you know;)
And that at *Ninety-Odd*, *Thucritus*
Shou'd still remain Alive, to Spite us.

D 2

Pluto.

Plu. You are mistan'e; tis very Just,
That such base men shou'd still dye first:
For those alone deserve to Live,
Who Wish their *Friends*, and *Kin'* may Thrive;
And those do Merit well the *Grave*,
Who Wish *Folks* Dead, their *Wealth* to have.

Ter. But is't not Just, the Old shou'd Dye,
And leave their *Gold* to such as I?

Plu. Thou mak'st new Laws, when thou dost Wish,
That those who can't Enjoy the *Flesh*,
Shou'd be no more: Besides, 'tis Vain,
For *Heav'n* (certainly) did Ordain,
More Stranger Things than this shou'd be:
(And that from all Eternity.)

Ter. 'Tis their *Decrees* that I too Blame;
Besides, methinks it is a Shame,
That Old Men shou'd remain so long,
And Death take off, the Brisk, and Young:
As for Example (mind I pray)
That an Old Fellow doting Grey,
With *Palsy*, *Pox*, and *Gout*, at once,
A sniveling fribbling Bag of Bones,
Who makes no other Use of's Senses,
Than pestring People with Pretences;
A Walking *Church-yard*, Living *Grave*,
A Frigid, Senseless, Teasty *Knave*,
Shou'd Live, when such Young Men as I,
Who Brisk, and Vigorous are, must Dye.
'Tis just like one who's made by Force
A *Slave*, for better, and for worse,
Where th' *Gray Mare*, proves the better *Horse*.
Or other wayes t' Express the *Thing*,
Like *Rivers*, mounting to their *Spring*;
But at the last, I think 'tis Vain,
Since we know nothing, to Complain.

Plu. Why do you than so much admire,
And what is other men's, desire?
Why so much Love do you pretend,
To Rich *Old Men*? (and call 'em *Friend*;)
Wheadle them too, to call you Son,
As if your business then were done;
To make us Laugh at you, when they,
Attend you to your *House of Clay*.
For it is Pleasant (Troth) to us,
To see men Brisk and Vigorous,
Carress Old *Age*, and be Enamour'd,
With what's so Fulsome and Ill-favour'd;
Yet this ye only do when They're
Or Childless, or without an Heir;

Then

Then you in hopes to get their *Gold*,
Direct your Courtship to the Old.
Gold! which can make the *Aged* Young,
The *Cripple* *VValk*, the *Feeble* Strong,
The *Ugly* Handsome, *Swarthy* Fair,
And teach the Cunning *Knave* to Swear;
May well perswade you, for I see,
All Humane-kind so Worship me,
That *Gold's* their only Deity.
But these Old *Men* oft Countermine,
And pay you off in your own Coyn;
For if it happen to their Lot,
That many *Children* they have Got;
They will pretend 'fore you t' abuse 'em,
And Beat, and Thump, and basely Use 'em,
That they may be by you presented,
And your Vain hopes in part contented:
Yet when Grim *Death*, on them does call,
They'l Settle on their Children All,
As Nature at the First design'd it;
(I wish that all the *VWorld* wou'd mind it,)
And not make all this Factious 'Do,
But give to ev'ry one their Due;
VVhile you may easily count your Gains,
And take your Labour for your Pains.

Ter. And this it is spoysls my Content,
For I a *VWorld* of Mony spent,
In Courting this Old *Hypocrite*,
This Fumblin' Limberham'd *Thucrite*:
For ev'ry day he had the hick up,
VVhich made me think, he straight wou'd kick up;
And caus'd me to present him double,
That I my Rivalls all might bubble;
Which I believe (I Vow and Swear)
Was the Cause of my coming here:
For I in nothing cou'd delight,
Nor did I sleep by Day or Night.
And tho of *Gloves* I made a *Cap* well,
I cou'd not steal a Nap i'th' *Chappel*;
At which this Cursed *Dogg* did flout,
VVhen the Old *Women* lay'd me out.

Plu. Old Heart of *Oak!* Hold up thy Head;
And see 'em all as door-nail Dead.

Ter. I wish *Chariades* might dye,
Before him too, as well as I.

Plu. *Melanthus*, *Phido*, all shall come,
I have already read their Doom.

Ter. That pleases me to th' *Heart*, and *Liver*.
Happy *Thucritus!* Live for Ever.

A Dialogue between *Notus* and *Zephyrus*.

Notus. **D**'b'uy! Friend *Zephyrus*, I have been,
Where I more rarer Sights have seen,
Than e'er I saw before, (I vow)
Tell me dear *Zeph.* saw'st thou 'em too?

Zeph. Not I in troth, I kept my Station,
And Laboring was in my Vocation,
Toward the *Indies* I was blowing
And only saw what there was doing.
The *Bantamer* I saw, (for shapes)
As Comely as a *Jackanapes*,
(Tho some large *Monkeys*, I suppose,
I've seen more handsome 'bout the Nose:)
Some other Beasts too I saw there,
But nothing else I vow and swear.

Notus. Well, well! say what you will 'tis vain,
The like can ne'er be seen again:
Do'st know King *Agenor* my Lad?

Zeph. The beautiful *Europa's* Dad?

Notus. You are i'th' Right, 'tis she I mean
To speak of now, (a pretty Quean)
And you know *Jove* that Rampant Woer,
Had long since a Months mind unto her:
So far you're right, but what came on't,
I'm sure your'e wholly Ignorant:
Yet I will tell thee, therefore put-on
Grave Looks, while I the Tale unbutton:
She be'ng one morn' on the Sea shore
With her Play-fellows (ten or more)
At Hide-and-seek, and Prison-bace,
Hot-cockles, Leap-frogg, and Clap-A——
Jove came i'th' form of Milk-white-Bull,
To VVheedle and Kidnap the Trull;
Leaping and Cap'ring to delight her,
And tame as any Lamb, t'envite her:
VVhich she observing, (straight the Gull)
Resolves to back, and Ride the Bull:
So on she flings her self a-stride,
No sooner pleas'd, but up and Ride;
VVhen straight the Bull with furious hast
Into the Brinish *Ocean* dasht;
VVhile she with hand on's Horn did sit,
And lookt as if she'd been besh——
The Wind blew so, she had no fence,
Nor Vaile to hide her *Twenty-Pence*:
VVith head behind she thus fate bawling,
And on her scar'd Companions calling.

Zeph. Is

Zeph. Is this the Exc'lent Show (you Lout)
VVhich you have made such stir about?

Jove turn'd a *Bull*, and on his back
To Spirit away a silly Crack.

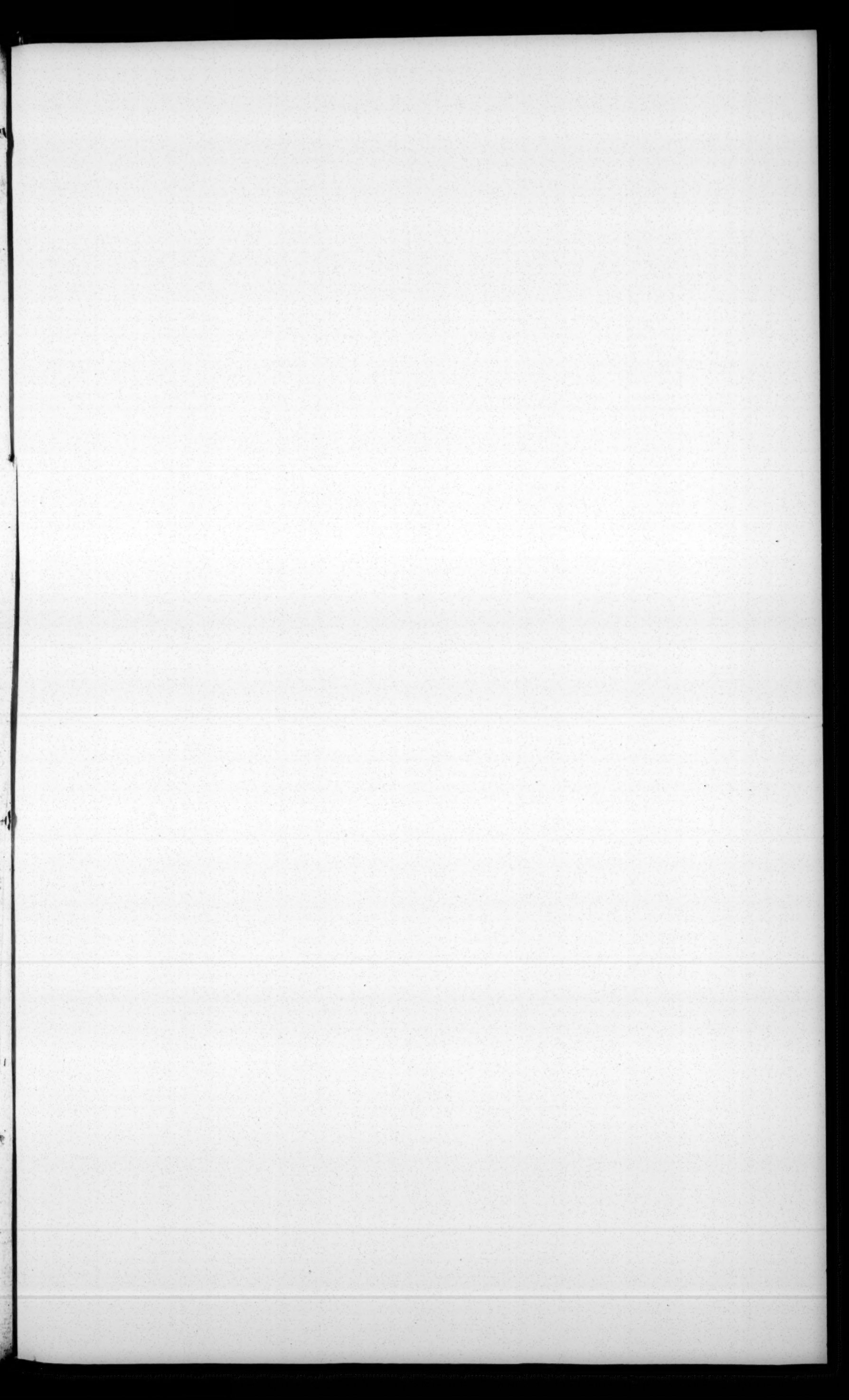
Norus. You'll like it well I do not doubt,
VVhen you have heard the Story out;
For straight the Winds left off their Clutter,
The Foaming Ocean ceas'd to sputter;
So gen'ral was the Quiet Dress,
Nature's whole self seem'd Motionless;
A Thousand Cupids flutter'd round,
(To grace the show,) with Roses Crown'd:
Some cut the Air with nimble Motion,
VVhile others Caper'd on the Ocean:
So brisk and Airy still they trod,
There was not one of 'em wet-shod:
And what was strange, not one o'th' Host faild,
Tho not a Boy of 'em was Frost-Nail'd:
Some carry'd Links, (altho'twas day)
Others sung Ballads all the way;
As *Colly-Cow*, and th' *Ladies fall*,
VVith *Hey Boyes up go we* (and all.)
Next came a Troop of Gods o'th' Sea,
With *Oyster-shells*, Arm'd *Capapea*:
The *Nymphs* too scorn'd to be behind,
When such a business was i'th' Wind.
These mixt together as they went,
And made a motly Regiment.
Each one upon a Fish did Ride,
Or God, or Goddess, all a-stride;
And 'twas a pretty sight to see,
Each *Nereid* naked to the Knee:
But that which set me all on fire,
Was when I saw——a litter higher:
The *Tritons* too did there resort,
And play'd their tricks to make 'em sport:
Neptune and *Amphitrite* were there,
T' attend their Brother *Jupiter*,
To give the Bride, as 'tis the Fashion
On such Occasions, in that Nation:
But one thing I forgot to tell,
Venus was there too, in her Shell,
By *Tritons* drawn, enough to scare one,
Scattering of Flowers, on the Fair one:
Briskly in faith she lay'd about her,
The sight had nothing been without her.
Thus *Jove* Travel'd with his sweet one,
From off *Phenicia* to *Crete* on:

When straight he chang'd his Beastly shapes,
 And lookt a God; at which the Trapes
 To see him thus so finely 2quipt,
 Lookt just as if she had been Whipt:
 Then to the private Cave Dutean,
 He lead the silly blushing Quean,
 And did—*You know, you know what I mean.*
 At which the Sea Gods all went home,
 The Winds too blew, the Sea did Roam;
 All that did thither then resort,
 Withdrew and left 'em to their Sport.
Zeph. I envy thee, (by this good Light)
 The Pleasure of this Pleasant Sight,
 Which but related gives Delight.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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FINIS.



OTKN. LZ
P.M. Hill
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